

## [I Must Be Dreaming](#) by [Luddleston](#)

**Category:** Voltron: Legendary Defender

**Genre:** Anal Sex, Bottom Shiro, College AU, Established Relationship, M/M, Oral Sex, Poly Relationship, a lot of talking about double penetration but no actual DP

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Keith (Voltron), Lance (Voltron), Shiro (Voltron)

**Relationships:** Keith/Lance/Shiro

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-02-14

**Updated:** 2017-02-14

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 11:28:18

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 3,574

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Lance has come to a conclusion: Shiro is way too stressed out, and clearly that means he needs cuddles. And blowjobs. Those help, too.

Shiro thinks Lance's stress relief methods are a little unorthodox, Keith just wants Lance to actually get his homework done, but they end up doing the blowjob thing instead, because Lance's ideas are winners.

# I Must Be Dreaming

## Author's Note:

Ok, so this isn't really Valentine's-themed, because I've been writing it for a month, buuuut it's my Valentine's gift to y'all anyway <3

Thanks to all the lovely people who appreciate my shklance stuff, you make my heart happy

"I swear to god," Shiro began, falling onto the couch and scraping his hair out of his face, "my professor is insane. That's not an exaggeration, I think he has a *disorder*."

"No wonder Matt told you not to take Slav," Keith replied, his face barely visible from behind his computer screen. He was proofreading a paper for Lance, who had given up on his own editing after his eyes started skipping between lines for the fifth time. Keith was better at the proofreading shit--he actually slowed down and made sure it was grammatically correct, while Lance figured if it made sense, it didn't matter. He was majoring in *graphic design*, for fuck's sake, who cared about his grammar?

"You'll have to take him next semester," Shiro warned, "and his critiques are hell. He took points off my latest assignment because I used Helvetica instead of Arial on my artist's statement."

"Sucks, dude," Lance said, leaning against Shiro while he kicked ass in his video game. Zombies didn't stand a chance, except that they did, and he kept getting killed on this level. Zombies wouldn't have stood a chance if Lance read the tutorial on how the controls worked.

"Yeah," Shiro sighed, and when he stood, Lance almost fell over. "Gonna go take my contacts out. My eyes hurt from formatting stuff all day."

Lance heard him walk to the bathroom, and he paused the game. "Keith."

"Charlie."

Lance's nose wrinkled, the way it always did when Keith called him that, because for *some reason*, he thought Lance's middle name was *cute*, whatever. Zero out of ten boyfriend. "How close to being done with that are you?"

"I'm on page five," Keith said, so, almost done, "but then you have to fix everything."

"No way, bruh," Lance said, "we are gonna cuddle the hell out of Shiro."

"You need to edit your paper first."

Lance shook his head. "My meds wore off for today already, I'm not gonna be able to edit *shit*."

Keith sighed and closed Lance's laptop, setting it on the coffee table. "Are you gonna do it tomorrow?"

"Yeah, I will. Kick my ass into gear if I don't," he said, hopping off the couch to grab the remote and click off the TV. Keith followed him into the bedroom, and Lance poked his head into the door where Shiro was clipping his hair out of his face. "Yo. Come to bed, we're cuddling, and you can bitch about your prof if you wanna." He caught Shiro smiling in the mirror, and he reached in the door to smack him on the butt, before darting back to bed.

"Why are you taking your pants off?"

"Because jeans in bed is terrible, *duh*." Lance curled up under the covers, while Keith, who was already in sweats, laid on top of the blankets on his stomach, flicking through something dumb on his phone. He shifted closer to Lance, who extracted one hand from the covers so he could pat Keith on the butt. Keith batted him away and sat up, then rearranged himself so his heavy ass was laying *right across* Lance's ribcage, and wow, breathing like that was not a thing Lance could do. "Get off of me!" he yelped, wiggling his legs aimlessly, because what was he gonna do, *flail* himself free?

"What're you two doing?" Shiro asked, emerging from behind the door, all bespectacled and adorable. "Keith, get off of him, you're going to suffocate

him."

"He can breathe," Keith said.

"No I can't!" Lance said, his voice strangled, because *heavy boyfriend right on his lungs*. Shiro, the beautiful angel that he was, muscled Keith off of him, peppering his lips and cheeks with enough kisses to turn Keith from an angry puddle into a happy puddle.

They started making out, and whoa, it was hot, Shiro pinning Keith to the bedsheets, Keith's arms looped around Shiro's shoulders. A few months back, Lance might've felt weird about this, watching them kiss like some kind of voyeur, but now, he just rolled onto his side and stared, because *damn*. Keith got his tongue in Shiro's mouth, and Shiro put his hands up Keith's shirt, pushing it up until Keith's bare sides were pale against his black clothes and the navy-blue sheets.

Lance was helpful, like probably the most helpful boyfriend ever, so he sat up and shifted them around a little, pulling up on Keith's knee so his legs framed Shiro's hips. "Hi, Lance," Keith said, tipping his head to the side, and Lance squeezed his thigh.

"Hi." He shuffled into place behind Shiro, cuddling up to his back, chin over Shiro's shoulder. He watched them kiss some more, liked the look of Keith's eyes shutting closed and the feel of Keith's heel hooking over his calf. Lance relaxed until Shiro was taking all his weight, and Shiro ground his ass back against Lance's hips. "Ooh, baby," Lance sighed, turning his head to lay kisses along Shiro's neck and jaw, "you wanna fuck us?" Keith seemed to like that idea; he was breathing hard enough that Lance swore he was gonna fog over Shiro's glasses.

"I'd actually rather be on the bottom," Shiro said, and Keith grabbed Lance's arm trying to reach for Shiro's.

"Fuck yes," Keith said, "would you two get off of me so this can happen?"

"What makes you think you're going to be on top?" Lance asked, but he was climbing off of Shiro anyway, and they let Keith sit up.

Keith was giving Lance this *look*, like he had some kind of devious plan, and he leaned over to stage-whisper loud enough that Shiro could hear. "You think he can take us both?" Yes. Yes, he did. Lance grabbed Keith's sides and kissed him, because this was a brilliant and very exciting idea, and he *had* to kiss one of them. Keith happened to be in range of Lance's mouth, but Shiro got his just after, when Lance clambered into his lap and kissed the daylights out of him.

"You can, can't you?" Lance asked. Logic said yes, after all, he and Keith weren't that big, and Shiro was proportionally huge, so it wouldn't be too much of, *ha*, a stretch. "Do you wanna?"

Shiro's face was all pink under his frames, and the tips of his ears were straight-up *red*. "Yeah, I... I'm pretty sure I can do that."

"But do you *want* to?" Keith asked, coming up behind him and putting his arms around Shiro's waist.

"Yeah," he sighed. "I want you guys to wreck me."

"Oh my god," Lance said, then swallowed, his voice failing him for anything besides another, "oh my god."

Shiro tipped him into another kiss, sloppy and hard, and Lance was pretty sure Keith was biting a massive hickey all up on Shiro's neck. Lance loved when they marked Shiro up--he had a tendency to forget that the bruises and teeth prints were there and then wore shirts that showed them off and got red when someone asked what the hell happened to his neck. Lance shifted until he had one of Shiro's thighs between his legs and ground against him, made a sound into his mouth when Shiro grabbed his ass and pulled him in so he could frot against Lance's knee.

When Shiro pulled away to kiss Lance's neck, Lance tapped Keith's cheekbone until Keith looked up and kissed him over Shiro's shoulder. It was great, until Lance's brow smushed into Shiro's glasses and he reflexively bit Keith's lip.

"Dude!" Keith snapped, shoving him back. "Ow!"

"Sorry," Lance said, kissing it better, which was overall unhelpful. Shiro had both hands on Lance's ass now, pulling him close, and Lance had to shove at his chest to get him to put some space between the two of them. "Hold up, dude. If you keep doing that, I'm gonna lose it before we even get naked."

"It's not our fault your stamina is at like, a negative two," Keith said, but he was stripping his shirt off, so Lance felt very forgiving in the face of *those abs*.

"On what scale?"

Shiro laughed and pulled Lance's shirt up over his head. "One-to-ten, I'm assuming," he said.

"Yeah." Keith was the first to get naked, and he threw his sweats at Lance. "Catch up, you two."

While Shiro stripped, Keith and Lance distracted each other with kisses and the way their cocks pushed against each other. Shiro whistled once he got his shirt over his head. Both of them stared at him, and he smiled until his dimples showed. "You guys are hot," Shiro said, "keep going so I can watch?"

Lance threw a little more drama into it this time, groping Keith's ass while he kissed him, sighing into Keith's lips and frotting with a little extra roll in his hips. He liked putting on a show for Shiro, especially when Shiro was grabbing the lube and about to start getting himself ready while they did it. "You two really need to stop leaving this on the nightstand," he said, poking Keith in the hip with the bottle.

"Why does it matter?" Keith asked, "it's not like--*holy fuck, Lance--*" Keith stopped midway through the usual "no one ever comes in our bedroom except us, Shiro," tirade when Lance wrapped his hand around his cock. Shiro laughed, but it was a little breathier this time because he had two fingers up his ass.

"You want some help?" Lance leaned his head against Keith's shoulder, his hand still loosely wrapped around both of them, and Shiro nodded.

"Yeah, just let me--how the hell are we doing this, anyway?"

Keith's brow furrowed as he tried to think about the logistics--usually, they discussed positions beforehand, because it was way harder to figure out how sex was supposed to work with three bodies involved. Lance's personal favorite was when he was sandwiched in between both of them, with one fucking him and the other rubbing off on him, but hey. Anything was good. "You could ride one of us, and then the other one could be, uh, behind you, I guess?"

"Oh yeah, that's good," Lance said, pushing on Keith's chest, "lay down."

"And why am I on the bottom?"

"'Cuz you're not tall enough to see over Shiro's shoulder if you're fucking him from behind," Lance said, which was accurate, but made Keith roll his eyes.

"Bite me, Lance."

Because Lance was a little bit of an asshole, he took it literally, nipping Keith's collarbone until Keith scratched his fingers through his hair and pushed on his head to dislodge him. "Fuck off, out of the way," Keith said. "Shiro's going here." He gestured at his lap, "you go back there, fuck all the way off." He might've seemed more pissed if he wasn't kissing Lance on the corner of his mouth.

Lance bit him once more for good measure, then nudged Shiro in between them, kissing down his back while he felt up his ass, getting his fingers down there, and wow, apparently Shiro had had the presence of mind to stretch himself open pretty damn well even while he was watching Lance and Keith suck face. "You're loose," he breathed, tipping his forehead against Shiro's shoulder. "God, Shiro."

"Well, I'm trying," Shiro said, and then he bent to kiss Keith's forehead and temple. "I mean, if I'm gonna fit both of you up there... I mean. Yeah." It was kind of amazing how awkward Shiro could be about sex, especially when he was spreading his legs for Lance's fingers. He didn't usually bottom, mostly because Lance was kind of a cocksucker, and on the occasion he did, he always got all flustered. It was adorable.

Shiro tipped forward, pressing his forehead against Keith's, back bowing, pushing his ass back against Lance's fingers. Keith had his hand on Shiro's thigh, and his other was somewhere around the front, probably jerking Shiro off. Lance peeked over Shiro's shoulder and, yep, Keith had his fingers wrapped around Shiro's cock, teasing him, running his thumb over the head.

"Okay, okay," Lance said, "so, Shiro, you should get up on Keith's dick first, then me. Because I'm pretty sure I'm gonna come as soon as I get inside you."

Shiro's shoulders shook a little with a laugh. "Okay, Lance," he said, inching forward because he was a little too far back to get Keith inside of him.

Lance held Shiro steady while he sank down onto Keith's dick, hands on his hips, kissing his neck and whispering things that he thought were kinda encouraging, a whole lot of, "you're doing great, god, doesn't he feel good?" and, "you've got this, babe, fuck, you look so good on his cock." Keith's broken, ragged noises served as agreement, as did the way he pushed up against Shiro's body, fucking him in these tight little circles. Shiro tipped his head back, and Lance scratched his fingers through the buzzed part of his hair, tilting his head so they could kiss.

Things were soft and surprisingly gentle for a few minutes, with Lance and Shiro making out sweetly, Keith's hands sneaking up Shiro's torso to grope his chest (both of them were a little obsessed with the dude's pecs, they were just so *squishy*), Shiro fucking himself on Keith's lap. Both of them were so warm, and Lance pressed his hands over Keith's, sucking on Shiro's lower lip. Shiro's glasses pressed into his face at odd angles sometimes, but

Lance didn't mind too much, except that he worried he might be smudging them. Not that it mattered too much--Shiro's eyes were closed.

Keith turned his wrist, grabbed Lance's hand, held it too tight. When his mouth dropped open, his teeth were bared, like he'd scream if he had the breath in his chest.

"God," Shiro sighed, and both of them stilled for a second, Keith's hand that was still on Shiro's chest sliding to his waist, gripping harder.

"Fuck," Keith moaned, hand slipping free of Lance's. He grabbed the back of Shiro's neck and pulled him down to kiss him, messy and hot. Lance wasn't sure why the sudden overflow of affection, but he didn't mind, bending and kissing down Shiro's back.

"What're you guys doing?" Lance mumbled against Shiro's skin, his lips against the place where Shiro's spine stuck out the most.

Keith grinned up at him while Shiro kissed his neck, looking weirdly shy. "I uh, just came," he explained, and Lance poked him in the forehead with an accusing finger.

"Who's a negative two now?" he crowed, and Shiro rolled off of Keith, the two of them turning towards each other on their sides just a little, both looking at Lance, embarrassment visible on their faces. God, they were adorable. "Damn it, Keith, you ruined it, now we can't double-team him," Lance complained, flopping onto Keith and nuzzling into the crook of his shoulder.

"You try to keep from coming with Shiro riding you and the two of *us* making out in front of your face," Keith said, ruffling the back of Lance's hair with his fingers.

"Eh, fair." Lance probably wouldn't have even lasted as long as Keith had, were he in Keith's place. He was still aching a little, heat coiled in him, and when Shiro leaned over Keith's chest to kiss Lance again, he fell into it, shivers running through him when Keith kept petting his hair, putting pressure on the base of Lance's neck and his temples. Holy *god*, Shiro

kissed well, sucking on Lance's lower lip, putting in the perfect amount of pressure to drive Lance nuts. "Scoot over," Lance said, clambering over Keith so he could sit in between Shiro's legs. "I'm gonna suck you off."

"Fuck. Okay," Shiro said, parting his legs for Lance, who laid flat on his stomach on the bed, grinding himself against the sheets a little bit while he kissed up the length of Shiro's cock. Keith put an arm around Shiro's chest, snuggling up to him because Keith was like a soft little teddy bear after orgasm, always spooning up to one of them. He kissed Shiro's shoulder, eyes meeting Lance's while Lance licked over the head of Shiro's cock. Shiro breathed deep enough for his chest to push Keith's arm up.

Keith was talking dirty in Shiro's ear, low enough that Lance couldn't hear, his hand sliding across Shiro's chest, squeezing his pecs. Whatever Keith was saying had Shiro losing his fucking mind, though; he had his head tipped back and his eyes rolled up, moaning and fucking into Lance's mouth, his cock pressing heavy on Lance's tongue. Lance kept rolling his hips, humping the bedsheets like a horny teenager (okay, so technically, he *was* a horny teenager for the next few months until he turned 20), spilling precome all over the sheets.

He pushed forward 'til he had Shiro's cock down his throat, swallowed around him and had Shiro moaning, his hand gripping Lance's shoulder. "That's so fucking good," Shiro said, his words tight, shaking out of him in stuttered gasps. His hand clenched on Lance's shoulder, and holy *shit*, if Lance had a gag reflex, Shiro would've just nailed him right up in it. He still couldn't completely keep from choking, unable to breathe for a second, and his eyes watered. Shiro's hand went from his shoulder to his cheek, running his fingertips down Lance's cheekbone.

"You okay?" that was Keith, Shiro was a little beyond words because Lance was swallowing around him again. Lance gave Keith a thumbs-up, and Keith rolled his eyes, but seriously, how the hell was Lance supposed to verbally acknowledge anything around the cock in his throat? He was fine once he remembered how to breathe through his nose, anyway.

He got Shiro to come within like, thirty seconds, because Shiro was weak for a good blowjob, and when Shiro spilled down his throat, he got that

weird feeling like when you swallow a hot drink and feel it all the way down to your belly. "Whoa," Lance breathed, wiggling against the sheets because he was burning from the inside out, like he was full of those shitty fireworks they always lit on the driveway in the summer and Shiro had taken a match to him. He pressed a sloppy, smacking kiss to the inside of Shiro's thigh. "You're, like," he began, hauling himself up so he could cover Shiro's body with his, "the hottest. Of ever. Kiss me."

"The hottest? You have a whole other boyfriend," Keith said, and Lance was a little busy making out with Shiro, straddling his thigh so he could grind his dick against Shiro's hip.

"You're also the hottest," he said, once Shiro freed his lips and moved on to his neck. "You two are, collectively, hotter than the fucking sun."

Keith must've been placated by that, because he kissed Lance's mouth, messy and with a little too much tongue. But hey, Lance wasn't complaining, not when Shiro was grabbing his ass and guiding him so he could fuck the groove of his hip, not when Keith's fingers dug into his ribs *just* right. "What the fuck, how did this end up about me?" Lance asked, and Shiro just laughed into his neck.

"Because I wanna see you come for me," Shiro said, and Lance always *was* good at following Shiro's orders. Keith took his hand, and kissed him sweetly on the shoulder while he shook into orgasm, and Shiro swallowed all his breathless noises, hands running down his thighs in tandem. "Good boy," Shiro whispered against Lance's lips, and Lance shuddered, because Shiro *had* to know how those words *did things* to him. Lance kissed the bridge of Shiro's nose, following his scar from end to end.

"Here, lemme clean you up," Keith said, grabbing the tissue box from the nightstand. It was considerate of him, after all, Shiro had Keith's come in him and Lance's on him, and if Lance was less lazy, he might've helped. As it were, he just spooned up to Shiro's side and kissed his jaw.

Shiro sighed, tipping his head so he could kiss Lance, except it was more just a lazy press of lips. "I love you guys," he breathed, cupping Keith's cheek so he could give him a kiss, too, "so much. Thank you."

"No thanks necessary, I'm always up to blow your mind," Lance joked, and Keith dug his fingers into Lance's ribs until he was laughing and squirming against Shiro's side. "Cut it out!" he yelped, and Shiro batted Keith away, putting his arm around his shoulders. Lance settled back against Shiro, putting his leg over Shiro's and his head in the crook of Shiro's shoulder.

"Did we make up for your shitty class?" Keith asked, and Lance felt Shiro nod.

"We're gonna have to do this next semester when Keith takes him," he said.

"No, dude, I'm just gonna want to go punch stuff." Now, though, Keith seemed pretty chill, and he kissed Shiro's collarbones and his neck. "Love you too, Shiro."

"I, too, love you guys," Lance added, loudly kissing Shiro on the cheek.

They fell asleep like that, with Shiro in between them, and somehow woke up with Lance wedged in the middle, and sure, Keith's arm fell asleep and he bitched them out for it, but it was worth it.

#### **Author's Note:**

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